Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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THE UNFORTUNATE BEE.

BY ANNA B. BENSEL.

A LAZY bee woke up one day
And found his family all away;
"I've overslept myself, O dear!
'Twill be a luckless day, I fear."
Thus to himself Sir Bee did say.
Lack-a-day! lack-a-day!

Then out he hurried from the hive
For honey fresh and sweet to strive;
He first called on Miss Clover-bed,
But ah! a wind that way had sped
And stole her honey all away.
Lack-a-day! lack-a-day!

He then remembered sweet Miss Rose,
Who lived within an arbor close;
But when, alas! he reached the door
Some children had been there before
And plucked Miss Rose from off her spray.
Lack-a-day! lack-a-day!

And all that day it happened so,
No honey could he get. And lo!
When he returned, O, sad to tell,
His angry brothers on him fell,
And whipped him till he swooned away!
Lack-a-day! lack-a-day!

AUNT RUTH'S "RESSIPEE."

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

SHE was the fussiest old woman that ever set her fellow-travelers into fidgets; and she wanted the window down when Lotty wanted it up, and she was afraid she had got "on the wrong cars," and "hoped to land" the ticket agent had given her the right change, with more other frets and worries than so little an old lady ought to have had at her age.

Lotty was leaning out of the car-window for a long, last, fond look at her father's black hat (which was all of him that the crowd left visible), and waving a damp, white handkerchief which smoke and cinders had given a deep mourning border.

A curve in the road suddenly blotted out the hat also, and Lotty, with tears that she dared not wipe away with that dispirited bit of cambric, set herself to make the best of what remained in life to her now.

"Going fur?" asked the old lady, for the sake of being sociable.

"No, ma'am!" snapped Lotty, who didn't want to talk.

"Where to?" pursued the old lady, who did.

"O to—Jericho!" cried Lotty, desperately. "Anyway, I wish 'twas. They've sent me off to school, and I don't want to go one single bit, so there!"

"Be you!" said the old lady, sympathetically, hitching nearer. "I always feel to have a real kind of an int'rest in little young gals like you a-goin' off to boardin'-school. I've got a niece of mine that I'm carrying through South Hadley. I aint got a gre' deal o' money, but when she got to hankering after books like they all do now, an' her father couldn't send her, I took and give her what little I had—leastways, the int'rest of it—and told her to pick out the best school she could think of and get her money's worth. And she does write me the chirkinest letters—I have a reg'lar set-to every Sat'day night a-cryin' over 'em, for she writes reg'lar, and the merrier she makes 'em the more I cry about it."

"Why, it's real nice, isn't it?" said Lotty, sympathetically.

The dear old soul was crying now, or near it; but her face had as many smiles as wrinkles, and that is saying a good deal.

"Yes, 'tis nice," returned the old lady, emphatically, wiping her eyes. "I tell ye folks is dretful foolish in this world. They're all going around, every one on 'em, to build up their own happiness, and that's all right enough, but they don't know how to get their money's worth. It's a real, round-about road to happiness, and I wonder they don't find it out. You've got to go at it kind of indirect—make somebody else happy if you want to be happy yourself. But there," she added, with a sigh, "it took me long enough to find it out. 'The longest way round is the shortest way home,' the proverb says, and I'd heard it since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, but I was old and gray-headed 'fore ever I realized that it meant the way to happiness and enj'yment. I never had any child'en or husband to support, and never expect to have, but my Bessie makes it all up to me, and she don't love me an atom more'n I love her, and I don't b'lieve there's a father or mother among 'em that choked up any prouder'n I did when she come sailin' onto the stage commencement day and read her piece all done up in pink ribbons and white muslin."

"She has graduated, then?" asked Lotty.

"O no, indeed; this is her fust year. But they was having a kind of a welcoming, and all the classes took part, and Bessie spoke for hers. It was real pretty, too, the poetry."

The old lady stopped and looked at Lotty. Lotty didn't stop looking at her. Was this the fussy, fidgety old lady who had fussed about the window and fidgeted about the tickets and plagued all her neighbors generally? Lotty thought of her fairy-books where all the wrinkled old women change suddenly into fairies with benevolent faces and unlimited blessings in their gift. She smiled to herself and thought, whimsically,

"I wonder if she is going to offer me three fairy wishes."

The spectacled old fairy spoke presently and oddly in the line of Lotty's fancy.

"What do you wish, child, more'n any thing else, to make you happy when you get down there to school?"

"To have the girls like me," said Lotty, as solemnly as if this were the first of her three wishes. "And O, I know they wont!" she sobbed, making little water-color sketches all over her face with that gloomy handkerchief. "They never do. And I'm just scared of strangers till I get acquainted with 'em! And it's just horrid to have to go way off from folks that love you among a lot of strangers that you don't care the tip of your finger for and that wont be good to you."

The old lady lost more and more of her wrinkles, and fairies aren't plenty that look as kind or as wise as she did.

"Now you jes' let an old woman tell ye something, dear," she said, taking one of Lotty's plump gloved hands in both her black lace mitts. "You jest be good to them. It's the best 'ressipee' for homesickness that ever was invented. And it don't cost any thing, and it aint bad to take, and it's good to take a dose before and after meals, and every time you think of it. And it works instantaneous—try it!"

Lotty laughed, and so did the old lady.

"Yes," she repeated, wiping her spectacles tenderly, "what this poor old world wants most of any thing is somebody to be good to it. Every body—don't make no sort nor manner of difference who nor how happy they look—they're all hurt somewhere. That's what made 'em love the Lord so when he was round there in Palestine—'He went about doing good.'

"And it all comes back again. Why, bless your little heart, child, it's jest like the balls you see the child'en throwing up in the sky to see how fur they can send 'em. The heartier you heave 'em the heavier they come down. Cast up your balls of kindness and good-will, they'll be coming down in a reg'lar shower on your own head pretty soon—"

"Ticket, ma'am?" said the conductor, hurriedly.

The fairy vanished. The nervous little old woman came back, and she was fretty and flurried, and couldn't find her purse.

"They always make me feel so frustrated, my dear," she said, apologetically, when he had passed on. "I hope the Lord wont lay it up against me. 'Taint the cars altogether, nor the whizzing by things so, though I do say for 't that it always makes me think of Apollyon in the Pilgrim, and I always feel as if I wanted somebody to hold the critter's heels whilst I get in. It's the conductors more'n any thing with their little machine punches and their little machine voices—click, click, clickety-click, like so many pistols ready to say, 'Your money or your life, or I will shoot you!'"

"But they are polite, too, don't you think?" laughed Lotty, who had experienced a good deal of kindness from conductors. "I guess it's only their sharp, quick way."

"And I don't like sharp, quick ways," returned the old lady, plaintively. "It frustrates me. Well, good-bye, dear," she added, as they stopped at a little side station. "Good-bye, and remember Aunt Ruth's 'ressipee.'"

Lotty laughed little laughs for a mile or two. It was such a comical little old lady-fairy to meet in a rainy-day journey. But the more she laughed the more she remembered the "ressipee." I hope if I ever turn my hand to giving advice that I shall have a good laugh to go with it. It is one of the very best mordants, and lets the advice "strike in" and color lives in a most wonderful fashion.

I am glad to tell you that Lotty kept laughing happily to the end of her journey.

By the time she got there, she was in the gayest good-humor. Her cheeks were all dry, and so was the weather by this time, and when at last she was tumbled into the big seminary hall with fifty other newly-arrived girls and trunks it was with such a bright face that she brought her own welcome in it at the door with her, and people turned and smiled at her as you do at a baby or buttercup, or any thing bright and happy.

"O you've got your trunk, or you wouldn't look so," cried one distracted little maiden, pouncing on a new tag that she had not seen before, and almost standing on her head in her efforts to read the legend thereon.

"Yes, 'tis—no, 'tisn't! O dear, you might know 'twould be Hattie Bent instead of Hattie Bender. I declare, I'd change my name in a minute if I thought the clothes would fit!" she cried, sitting down on a Saratoga in comical despair.

"O well, never mind till after supper," said Lotty, consolingly. "There's time enough before we get away from here," she added, laughing.

"But I do mind!" cried Hattie. "And I don't want to wait. Look at my ruffles for supper! And my handkerchief that I've cried into all the way from Woonsocket!"

"O well, if that's all, we were made for each other," laughed Lotty, lightly. "I put six yards of 'tourist' in my little bag, and any amount of handkerchiefs, and I guess they aren't all wet. Come up to my room—the girl says it's 42—and I'll fix you."

Hattie thought herself "fixed" very nicely, and turned round from a prolonged contemplation of herself in the glass to bestow a hearty kiss on Lotty's plump cheek.

"You darling, you!" she cried, giving her another in rapturous school-girl fashion. "You're perfectly beatific! Say, wont you be my room-mate? I was going to have Miss Primster, the calisthenics teacher, but she can't come this term. One of the girls always has to have her, but she was benevolent enough to get sick this time. Will you? It's too late for me to get any body else that's nice."

"Why, I don't—" began Lotty, hesitating.

"Don't you speak a word unless you say 'Yes!'" cried the merry girl, sealing Lotty's mouth with a chubby pink palm.

"Why, yes, if you—" mumbled Lotty, as if she were eating hasty pudding.

"You blessed, beaming, beauteous angel!" cried the chatterer. "Now I am 'fixed' beautifully," and with an arm around Lotty's waist and her waist in Lotty's arm, she waltzed down stairs and through the long corridor into the supper-room.

"O, I'm so glad I've got you!" she told her again a week or two after, with an unusually ecstatic embrace, even for Hattie. "I knew it was inspection day, and I really, truly meant to do my dusting this time. And to see you go meekly and peaceably and do it for me, so that I shouldn't get reported! You're a perfect chrysanthemum lucanthemum of a girl."

"A *what?*" laughed Lotty, reclining leisurely after her labors.

"If you took botany you'd know," retorted Hattie, coolly. "They wont let me say 'daisy,' so I'm reduced to Latin 'for short.'"

"'She doeth little kindnesses,'" quoted Dorry Vance, sentimentally. "I'd be as good as you if it wasn't so much trouble, Lotty, my love. I don't see how you always think of things, though. You seem to have every body on your mind."

"Before and after meals, and every time you think of it," laughed Lotty to herself softly, so softly that the odd little smile on her face was all that the girls knew of the comical thought in her mind.

The little old lady had blessed her as surely as if she had dropped a fairy gift in her cradle or a purse of fairy gold to buy good-will and favor.

Lotty had always been a good girl; not selfish, cheery and bright enough; but this was an added grace—this genuine, unaffected interest in others, and affectionate care for their welfare. It painted her name on all their hearts with an unfading aureole round it.

"Lotty is a real little Mascotte," said one of the older girls one day, seeing Lotty's white dress brushing by the open door, and speaking with impulsive affection as people were apt to at sight of her.

It was near the end of her third year at school, and her very name had grown to be "incrusted round" with sweet associations. Not a girl there but had some kind word or act to remember of her, not one who could recall a harsh or spiteful or tattling word, a gesture or look ungentle.

"I don't know what you mean by 'Mascotte,'" spoke up 'Treess' Clemmer, who had never heard of the pretty peasant myth, "but I know she's a real little Christian. She don't talk about it as much as some other folks, but if ever I try to be pious I want to be her kind!"

Blunt and honest was Treess who wasn't a Christian herself, and wouldn't pretend, and thought she cared for none of these things, she had never been "brought up to it" (she used to say of herself), only come up, and not as a flower.

"You don't know half how lovely she is," chimed in little Milly Peters, one of the "primaries," as they called the little

girls in the preparatory department. "She helps us with our lessons, and coaxes the teachers pleasant when we get into scrapes, and—every thing! I don't want to stay another minute when she's gone," she added, with a girl's pathetic adoration of an older girl.

"Well, she's going, and you can't help yourselves!" burst out Hattie Bender, tearfully, "and I wish all the money was at the bottom of the Red Sea, for 'tis the root of all evil, and it hasn't made mischief enough in the world yet, but it has to take our Lotty away from us!"

With this lucid preface, Hattie dropped her head among the rubbish of books and papers and sobbed to her heart's content, leaving the other girls to guess at the riddle of her grief at their leisure.

"Hattie Bender, you hold your head up here and tell me how you know and what for and what's money got to do with it any way!"

Treess Clemmer had her by the shoulders, and Hattie's head was "up" without any will of her own. She wiped her eyes and began to laugh hysterically into her drenched handkerchief.

"Her father wrote to her to come home, because there isn't any more money, and I 'know' because I read the letter!"

"Well, you are—" cried two or three of the girls firmly.

"Yes, I are!" retorted Hattie, laughing and biting her handkerchief. "Just as mean as you like, but it was all crumpled up in the waste-basket, and I got it out to wipe my pen on. Anyhow I know it now, and I know what she's been crying nights for for the last month, and I think it's a burning, scorching shame!"

"The 'root' isn't money at all, but the want of it, it seems," observed Treess, quietly, making her eyes small and shrewd and calculating. "I'd do something besides crying, seems to me."

"Treess, you clever thing! Tell us what you mean."

Lotty was sitting quietly at her window that evening, with two or three of the girls who had dropped in as usual for a chat or a frolic. They had left the door open, and if Lotty had happened to "drop out" she would have found forty or fifty more crouching and hovering about the door like—well, "guardian angels" is a pretty word.

"Lotty, one of the nicest, just the sweetest girls in the Sem., has got to leave this year—no more money. Can't we do any thing?"

"O yes, do! Who is it?" cried Lotty, earnestly, with a secret thrill of sympathy, that she thought nobody else could guess. "O I'm sure you can. Ask the principal to remit her tuition."

"We have," returned Hattie, triumphantly. "But there's the board and the 'extras.'"

"Make it up among yourselves—you can. I'll give a dollar myself. O no, I can't. Not this year," she added, sadly.

"Call it the Red Ribbon Club, and have a secret society, and charge fifty cents to join," cried Dorry, enthusiastically. "The secret is the name of the girl you support."

"Call it the No Ribbon Club," said Lotty, "and don't let a ribbon be seen while she needs the money. There'll be some self-denial in that."

"We will! we will!" cried Hattie, clapping her hands.

"Who is it?" begged Lotty, eagerly. "You can tell me—if I *don't* join."

Three or four girls snatched Lotty's hand and danced her delightedly up to the looking-glass, while a dozen others pouring in assisted so valiantly in turning on the gas that Lotty's eyes winked from pain.

"It's your own darling, dumpling, precious self, dear," cried Hattie, as spokeswoman. "And now you've got to stay, for it's all arranged, and we are a 'No Ribbon Club,' are n't we, girls? and there isn't a bit of self-denial to it."

"Why, girls! why, girls!" cried Lotty. "How could you? How did you? I didn't tell any body—I don't see—"

"You'll forgive me, wont you, Lotty?" coaxed Hattie, with the most kissable mouth that ever sued for pardon. "You shouldn't put your papa's letters—"

"O Hattie!" cried Lotty.

"And here's fifty dollars to begin with—our own pocket-money. You *will* take it?"

"After I've advised you all to be self-denying!" exclaimed Lotty, distressfully.

"That's the fun of it," they cried, heartily. "It's just like you. Now it's all arranged—"

"Stop your noise and your nonsense," burst in Treess, gayly, pushing the girls away and taking possession of Lotty herself with rough affection. "Here's Miss Lettice, and she'll make Lotty hearken to reason."

"You little goose," said the principal, brusquely, "didn't you know there were a dozen ways to prevent your going if you wanted to stay? You can be assistant in the drawing-class next year if you like. That will pay your expenses."

"Three cheers for Miss Lettice," cried Treess, waving a green lamp-shade for signal.

"I'll give you just half an hour to chatter, you magpies," returned the principal, smilingly, unmindful of the "tardy bell," which was ringing.

"Three cheers for Treess," cried Hetty, softly, as the door closed behind her.

"No, sir," exclaimed Treess, surprised into magnanimity, "it's three cheers for the 'No Ribbon Club,' and I think it behaves like a Christian. I expected you'd all be mad with me, because I know you wanted to do it yourselves."

"O well, I guess it's nicer as it is," sighed Hattie, regretfully.

"It's nicer as it is," echoed Lotty, gratefully. "Ever so much nicer. But I think you are just the dearest girls—every blessed one of you."

They kissed her good-night and she went to bed, and to sleep after a while, though she never expected to. She woke from a tangle of dreams to find Hattie dropping a morning kiss on her forehead just as she was pondering how to cook the No Ribbon Club for commencement dinner according to "Aunt Ruth's 'Ressipee.'"

JOE'S COUNSELOR.

BY W. N. BURR.

Tom Green and Joe Deane were standing together near the ruins of the railroad bridge that had been very nearly demolished by the hurricane which had passed over that portion of the city the day before. They were watching the workmen who were clearing away the *débris*, listening to the comments of the by-standers, and relating their own experiences at the time of the storm, when Mr. Fiske, their Sunday-school teacher, came up and accosted them in his cheery way. Perhaps I should distinguish him in some other way than merely as their Sunday-school teacher, for he was more than that—a friend who was theirs on all occasions, always ready to adapt himself in a friendly, hopeful way to their interests, so that he was looked upon by the boys as one of their own number who had naturally taken the place of leader, rather than as one occupying that limited relation which may be suggested to most minds if we speak of him only as "Sunday-school teacher."

"I wonder who made the first bridge, and what sort of a structure it was?" Tom asked in the course of the conversation that followed Mr. Fiske's arrival. Tom had a passion for novelties that often sent him on a voyage of discovery through encyclopedias and books of general and special information in search of "first things" and the history of their development.

"I think it would be safe to say, in answer to that question, that the honor belongs to some antediluvian spider who perhaps bridged the distance between two twigs of some tree in the garden of Eden," Mr. Fiske replied, with a smile.

That led to an interesting talk concerning the world's celebrated bridges. The three sat down on a huge beam that

had been one of the timbers of the ruined structure before them, and Mr. Fiske led his two eager listeners all the world over and showed them many strange specimens of bridge architecture and many strange peoples who used them. There was Cæsar's bridge across the Rhine, and that of Xerxes across the Hellespont; the fifteen bridges that span the Thames at London, and the Ponte Vecchio and others that lead across the Arno at Florence; the bamboo bridges of the Dyaks of Borneo, and the rope-bridge of the Andes; the magnificent marble arch of the Rialto, across the Grand Canal at Venice; the Niagara suspension bridge, and the East River bridge; bridges fragile, bridges massive, and living bridges, for the monkeys and the ants that make bridges of themselves were not forgotten. The boys were by no means ready to part with Mr. Fiske when, at the close of a full hour, he looked at his watch and said he must go down to the railroad shops to meet a business engagement.

"Well, boys, it is an interesting study," he said, as he arose to leave them, "and you will do well to search for yourselves for more information than I have been able to give you concerning the passage-ways across the world's streams, great and small; and while you are about it, just fasten the thought in your minds: Success in life depends not a little on one's willingness to build bridges;" and Mr. Fiske was off.

"What did he mean by that last remark?" asked Joe, as the boys turned their faces toward Main Street.

"Don't just see the point now," replied Tom, "but it will come out one of these days. Mr. Fiske is not in the habit of dropping such things without intending some day to pick them up again."

These two boys were close friends, but, as is often the case, they were in many particulars very unlike. Tom, as we have already intimated, was studious, and in his search for knowledge took up the business of *searching*, and seldom if ever gave up until he found that which he sought; Joe, on the other hand, took readily and with interest at the time that which came without much effort on his part, like the instruction received that day beside the wrecked railroad bridge, but was inclined to lose his interest when confronted with the task of following a definite line of work or thought by himself.

That night he put his watch under his pillow before retiring, a custom begun while on a camping trip the summer before, and kept up ever since. For some reason its ticking disturbed him on this particular night as it never had before, and after a while he buried it still deeper beneath the bedding. For a time this seemed to smother the troublesome *click-click, click-click, click-click, click-click,* but by and by he heard it again, faintly at first, then louder and louder, until, just as he was about to remove the noisy little time-piece to some more remote part of the room, out it jumped from the bed to the floor and began to dance a fairy jig in the moonlight.

"What in the world ails you to-night, any way?" asked Joe, sitting up in bed and staring at the strange spectacle before him—his usually sedate old silver watch cutting up incomprehensible capers, as if it were a born brownie just from the haunts of the mischief-loving elves.

"I've started on my travels," clicked the watch.

"Well, I should say you had!" laughed Joe. "Going far?"

"I'm going to visit the Rialto and the Ponte Vecchio, and all the other *pontes* that can be found in Italy. Then I'm off for the forests where the monkeys twist themselves into monkey-ropes and make live bridges from one tree to another. I'll visit the Dyaks in Borneo and study the bamboo structures that cross their little streams, and I'll see London's famous fifteen. I'm going to be bridge-watchman for the world; and I tell you, Joe Deane, if you ever expect to make a man of yourself you'd better begin *your* bridge-building pretty soon, or you'll find yourself in your old age still crawling about in the little end of the horn."

"Seems to me before you start on your travels you'd better go to the insane asylum and have yourself examined," remarked Joe.

"Now, see here, Joe Deane, didn't Mr. Fiske tell you to-day that success in life depends not a little on one's willingness to build bridges?"

"Yes."

"Well, was he insane?"

"No, of course not."

"Then why should I be sent to the asylum for telling you the very same thing?"

"Guess I'm cornered this time," laughed Joe. "Now, Mr. Bridge-watchman-for-the-world, will you be kind enough to explain yourself concerning this matter of my bridge-building? It's about one of the last things in the world I would ever have thought of doing."

"Most likely, most likely," said the watch, dropping to the floor *a la* Turk and looking up into Joe's face with a queer sort of twinkle in his eye. "Most likely, Mr. Joe Deane. You are not in the habit of doing things by yourself, and no one would expect you to think seriously of the necessity of bridge-building without a little outside help. Some of your friends have done your thinking for you, and now I'm going to tell you what they've been thinking about."

"Say on," said Joe.

"Once upon a time there lived in a certain city of the West a boy who was known as Joe Deane. Joe was neither a remarkably good boy nor one notoriously bad. His chief fault was that he would allow obstacles to do with him about as they pleased. He hadn't the courage nor the persistence of a monkey, and I'll prove it to you. One day he and his friend, Tom Green, promised their teacher, Mr. Fiske, that while they were out camping they would make a collection of butterflies, and when they returned home would learn the names of the creatures and arrange them nicely in a case. Well, the boys got their butterflies, but when they got home they found catching the things was the easiest part of it. There was quite a gulf between butterflies as brought in from the country and the same butterflies named and set on their pins in their proper places in a show-case. What did Tom do? Bridged the gulf and went over to the other side. What did Joe do? Got scared because there was a little difficult bridge-building to be done, and there he is, just where he was when he came in from his trip last summer, so far as a knowledge of butterflies is concerned. He has secured his 'specimens,' but has never stirred a peg beyond that point, because it was 'too much trouble.'

"Last month he began to take music-lessons. Already he shows signs of weakening because it is 'too much trouble' to practice. I suppose he imagined that Rubinstein learned to play without hard work, application, drudgery, or whatever the learning process may be called, and that he would drift into it somehow, himself, without the trouble of practicing; but he'll find if he lives a few years longer that no man ever yet drifted into excellence in any thing. They all have to dig for it, and when a man comes to an obstructing stream he has to get himself over; no one else can do the hard things for him.

"Joe promised to help Tom organize an Agassiz Club among the boys of their acquaintance, but he found it was not easily done, for the average boy takes more naturally to base-ball clubs and such things than to bug clubs. Notwithstanding this fact, however, there is a fine organization of this kind among the boys of that city—thanks to Tom Green, though, with never a thank to Joe Deane. Don't you see what's the matter? The man who gets ahead and so succeeds is the man who, when he comes to an opposing stream, goes to work on the bridge that must be built before he can come over. And I tell you, Joe Deane, if you don't do a little of that kind of work before long you are going to be left behind in a way that you wont fancy much a few years from now. Perhaps you think Mr. Fiske was born with all that he knows now stored away in his baby brain somewhere; but I can tell you he knew no more than other babies when he came into the world. Push things through, bridge your streams as Cæsar did the Rhine, and so work your way along in the face

of opposition, and you'll know something yourself some day," no doubt."

When Joe awoke the next morning he found his watch just where he had placed it under the bedding; and many times since that night, when he has been inclined to shrink from the difficulties of his undertakings, he has heard the voice of his faithful time-piece calling from his pocket, "Build your bridge, Joe, and go over."

"JUST LIKE A GIRL."

"WHAT a beautiful garden it's going to be!"
Said Faith, as she planted her pansy bed;
"With morning-glories to cover that tree,
And dozens of roses, yellow and red.

"And may be," she added, the earnest thought
Illuming the face that was sweet and fair,
"We can make little nosegays of every sort,
For the hotel ladies to buy and to wear."

"That is just like a girl!" said indolent Joe,
As he spilled his sister's begonia seeds.
"But the worms will ruin the roses, I know;
And the garden will be overrun with weeds.

"When the tenderest seeds decay or bake,
And the others are all by the Leghorns scratched,
You will find you have made a silly mistake
In counting your chickens before they are hatched."

"What dire predictions!" said Faith, with a laugh.
"Don't prophesy further, I beg, I beg!
For I'd rather count my chickens by half,
Than to kill them all off while yet in the egg."

—*Emma C. Dowd, in Christian Register.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT was a habit of Jack's life to keep promises; his mother rarely exacted one from any of her children, but they were taught to consider a promise as binding as a vow. It helped our Jack now that he had such a habit, for it seemed to him like stopping to consider if he should live or die, when every fiber of his nature cried out for life.

If Jack had frittered away his feelings and made his heart callous by flirting with every pretty girl he met, as many young men do, he would not have been so deeply in earnest as he was now; but the character his mother's precepts and prayers had helped to form was stronger than even she had dared to hope. For habit is stronger than nature after a time, and herein is the help a merciful God has given to each of his children wherewith to fight inherited tendencies to evil, and inborn desires to do wrong.

Dear boys, who may read this story, if there is any fault or folly in you which you really desire to conquer, begin with one day's self-denial. Refrain for one day, then try another: go step by step as you learned to walk. Do not be discouraged or look beyond that day; long as they seem to you, the hours go fast, and the gradually formed habit of doing right will grow to fit you like a suit of armor, till you may wear, if you will, the whole armor of God by adding one link after another to the coat of mail, one plate after another to the helmet, one scale after another to the glittering shield.

Yes, it was the habit of faithfulness to his given word that sent Jack to his still room in the bank that night instead of to his usual resorts where it was possible to meet Miss Blythe.

He sat down beside the barred window feeling like a prisoner in his cell, buried his head in his hands, and tried to think.

But his imagination showed him only that lovely face opposite him at his own table, that graceful figure flitting about his house, that sweet voice filling his little home with music. His *little* home! Could she content herself with such a dwelling after her father's great house, filled with luxuries and elegancies? Ought he to ask her?

Then his thought reverted to his own home. There was room enough there for the household, but none to spare; every thing was ordered with strict economy, but peace ruled within. There was always a Scripture reading and prayer before breakfast and after tea; would it be so in his own home if Jessie Blythe shared it?

He sent up now a brief prayer for guidance and strength, and the very appeal lifted his soul into a clearer and higher atmosphere; he could not speak to God without feeling the tranquillity of a divine intercourse with mercy and power. He began to recall what Jessie Blythe had said to him on any subject of real interest or importance, but he called in vain. She had always been friendly, gracious, sweet, but she had said nothing to remember. He had never been able to lead her into any intelligent conversation; she did not care to hear about books, she did not even speak of going to church. She did go, nevertheless, once in a while when the day was fine and her finery fresh from Paris. But Jack did not know even this. To his credit be it said that, infatuated as he was, he always had been faithful to his Sunday duties, and they left him no time to haunt the church he supposed Miss Blythe to attend—the most "fashionable" church of the city.

Sickening adjective to apply to a Church of Christ! Is it his Church who came to preach the Gospel to the poor and the lost that rejoices in such a title? Was he, who is the Head of the Church militant, ever "the fashion?" Will it be that assemblage of pride, vainglory, and vanity who will hail him Head of the Church triumphant?"

But this is a digression. Let us go back to our Jack.

As he thought of all this with increasing calmness and sadness, the unwilling conviction forced itself upon him more and more strenuously that it was neither wise nor right for him to think of marrying Miss Blythe. But the eager, raging heart within him again and again rose and strove with his conscience, as the fierce waves of an angry sea dash themselves on the eternal rock-barrier which says in its still strength,

"Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

Manice had asked of him an hour of consideration, but the night was well passed before Jack rose from his seat and laid his burning, throbbing head upon its pillow. He had fought a good fight, and the exhaustion of victory possessed him; but he was humbled and subdued by the conquest, or rather by the fact that he had found his will so stubborn, his passions so strong, his judgment so weak, and his moral strength so small.

Poor Jack! He was beginning to know himself, and as yet, though he had really turned to God in honest purpose, he did not know Christ, for he knew not his own need.

He looked pale and tired when he took his place at the teller's counter, but it was a very busy morning at the bank, and no one had time to observe his aspect, or to comment upon it if they did. At noon Fred Sherman joined him as he went out to his lunch.

"Seems to me you look rather seedy, Boyd. News is too much for you, eh, old boy? Ah! there's lamentation in what's-its-name to-day; consternation in the hearts of its youth, and wailing in its market-places."

"What are you talking about?" said Jack, crossly; for

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he was in no mood to cultivate Fred's usual flow of nonsense.

"Bless me! Don't you know? What a lark! Am I the one to break that sad intelligence, and no camphor-bottle along? Step in to this lunch-counter and let me get you a nip, my dear fellow. O yes, I know! But you'll need it—strictly medicinal!"

"Will you try to be rational for half a minute, and tell me what you're at?" growled Jack.

"My kyind young friend, I will. Take the blow then since you bare your breast. The angelical Jessie's engagement is announced—was announced—at Mrs. Lord's party last evening."

Jack felt as if a cold hand struck him in the face, his head seemed to ring and reel; but he made a strong effort to speak. He could not turn any paler than his vigil had left him. He contrived to say, "Is that so?" in a steady voice.

"Even so. Will you have that nip of brandy now? No? Well, then I proceed. It seems the angelical became engaged abroad—to a count, or baron, or lord, or something—American girls would marry a broom-stick with a title, you know. But she did not choose to make it known till she had had her fling among the gilded youths of her native land. I think she ought to be sued for obtaining attentions under false pretenses. Perhaps I shall try it. However, the man appeared on this side last Saturday, and was introduced in character at Mrs. Lord's, and the wedding is to be at Easter. How is that for high, my boy?"

Luckily for Jack, they were just at the door of the little creamery where he lunched.

"Come in," he said to Fred.

"No, thank ye, I'm not a believer in bread and milk, nor yet buns nor cream-toast. You'd better come along with me to Marie's and get a chop; you'll need strength, sir, to bear this stunning intelligence, now I tell you."

Jack smiled and shook his head, and Fred went on.

Poor Jack! He could not swallow a mouthful of the simple meal set before him. He paid for it and went down to one of the wharves for a few minutes' solitude.

The sea was breaking gray, cold, and sullen against the black timbers of the pier. The sky was filled with dark, hurrying clouds; the winter wind blew sharply from the east; all the outside world toned with his thoughts. Yet there was a tinge of indignation mingled with their sadness now as he recalled Jessie Blythe's sweet, gentle, bright, almost caressing manner, her warm welcome, her little confidential asides, when all the time she was engaged to another man.

And how he had wasted life and strength in his battle of last night. Here was the matter all settled for him—taken out of his hands—which he had been debating about as almost a matter of life and death to him. It was as if he had struggled in a dream to no end whatever.

Not till he was much older did Jack recognize and understand the fact that such a conflict and triumph strengthen the character and fortify the soul far more than any mere submission to an inevitable circumstance.

He went back to his work with a sense of chill that was mental as well as physical, for, unromantic as it may sound, he had caught a severe cold standing on the pier in dismal meditation, and was forced to betake himself to the little attic room he still kept as a place of refuge for Sundays, and go to bed with the usual appliances ordered for an influenza, and only the rare ministrations of his landlady to break the solitude of the next four days.

But he had time to think, and his thoughts were not pleasant. He had been weighed and found wanting. He had thought well of himself for the last few years, but here, at the first real trial of his principles, he had well-nigh failed. What was his religion worth? Where was his Christian manhood?

The outlook grew darker and darker. It seemed to him that with all his efforts he should never be a real, heart-felt follower of Christ; that this past weakness and sin would always cling to him and clog him. He could not—no, he never could—run the race set before him and win the prize; he despaired of himself—and then came in the Helper.

As he lay there, cast down and wretched, there flashed into his mind, as if a voice spoke it, that wonderful hymn of Cowper's, a hymn so mixed in its metaphors, so awkward in its phrasing, so strangely familiar with the divine, yet so full and comforting an expression of the sinner's one hope:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

So then and there, guided by the fervent words, Jack ceased from his own righteousness, his own salvation, and with humble joy accepted the Lamb that was slain as his full atonement, his Priest, his Saviour, and his King.

As he lay weak, tranquil, and happy, one Scripture word after another was shed into his mind. The Spirit "took of the things of Christ" and "ministered unto him," and he wondered at his past blindness and futile effort; wondered that with a great salvation waiting for him he had not seen enough to put out his hand, accept the water of life, and drink freely, so that he should thirst no more.

It was a blessed crisis in his spiritual life—the healing and strengthening look upward to the Cross—and he went back to his duties full of a new and glad consecration to the Master by whose death his soul lived this full life of love and faith, in whose glow his past sorrow faded into a dim vision, and his weakness and sin were hid from his eyes.

He was not less cheerful than before if he was a little graver. Life had ceased to be a dream and had become a reality, and he could heartily thank God at last for denying him his heart's desire and giving him a heavenly instead of an earthly blessing.

[*To be continued.*]

SANTA CLAUS'S POST.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

When the Greys gathered about the breakfast table Christmas morning there were the usual expressions of surprise and pleasure over the gifts neatly ranged at each plate. Tom found his skates from papa exactly to his mind, and papa declared that he only needed the slippers Nell had embroidered for him to complete his happiness. Mrs. Grey turned the leaves of the pretty "Lucille" the children had joined in giving her, and admired the illustrations, being too kind-hearted to suggest that "Lucille" is only for young people and that she had no time for reading nowadays. Nell had given Edith an embroidered sachet, one of the big ones you hang on the wall, and Edith admired the arrasene work effusively, and Nell did the same to the pretty jewel-case her sister presented her. Then there were cards and trifles from friends to hand about, and every one admired every thing in a generous glow of enthusiasm.

But the next day a faint murmur of discontent rose, first against Aunt Jane, since she was too far away to have her feelings hurt.

"Of course," Nell said, "it was nice of her to send that pretty photograph, only I don't care in the least for it, and I'd so much rather have had the silk scarf she gave Edith. We might change, for it's a color she never wears, but aunt would be sure to find it out and feel hurt."

"And of course," Tom said to his mother, "it was jolly of the girls to get me a book, but they might have bought something more to my taste than 'Vanity Fair.' I guess they got it because they wanted it themselves."

Mrs. Grey smiled sympathetically, having a like opinion as to "Lucille," but she only said that it was hard to suit people with presents, and one must be grateful for good intentions. And for all papa's thanks for the slippers it was presently noticed that he never put them on except when Nell brought them to him. In brief, before a fortnight was gone, mamma, who was in every one's confidence, knew that of the half dozen gifts each one had received rarely was more than one thoroughly acceptable.

"No one ever gets the right things," Nell said, summing up the general discontent, "and I don't see how you can unless you tell what you want, and then there's no surprise about it, and that's half the fun."

Mamma said nothing just then, but she did a little thinking afterward, and the result came out the next year.

"Suppose," she said, one evening, when they had just begun to think and talk of Christmas, "suppose each one of us makes out a list of the things he would like and drops it into the little safe of mine here on the mantel. We'll call it Santa's Post, and I'll be post-mistress and see that his mail is properly distributed. Only every one must put down twice as many things as he expects to get so as to give one a choice, and no one is to expect even half his wishes. For he may want things beyond our reach, and we can't limit ourselves to just his ideas of what's good for him."

She smiled over at Tom, whose opinions on his own needs were often different from hers.

"That's a good idea," papa said, from behind his newspaper, "but can't we put in, too, the things we don't want? For you feel a good deal worse at getting them than when it's just something you hadn't thought of. But how will you distribute your mail?"

"We'll have a separate box for you two," Tom cried, "and mamma can manage the rest."

And so it was settled. Ten days later there was a children's council, and Tom produced two folded slips from a safe of his own.

"Papa's got an awful lot of things," he said, as he opened the first. "Well—there! he must think we're made of money. Here he starts out—Ruskin's works in russia leather, and a big atlas—he don't expect us to get such things, I hope."

"There are other things," Nell said, looking over his shoulder. "And these—if Aunt Jane should want to give him something—she sometimes does, you know—"

"Are you going to send Santa Claus's mail all around?" Edith said. "I thought it was just for us. O see, he wants some silk handkerchiefs. I can get those, and I'll initial them, too."

"And a pocket-book"—Tom paused over the next item—"and a gold pen—can't afford that; and a muffler and gloves—ma can get them; and any nice new book of travel—that's for the general good, I know."

"It's a dreadfully practical list," Edith said. She liked to give lovely things that one could always keep. It seemed to her common to give what one must buy for himself and would be used up before the year came round. But she reflected that the book might do for her, and unfolded the other list.

"Mamma's is worse," she said, glancing it over. "A pair of bed-slippers—you can knit them, Nell; a pocket-book—she wants one, too; a handsome lamp, a fine photograph—I've a mind to get that lovely head of St. Cecilia for her; handkerchiefs again, white rose perfumery—that's for you, Tom; some fancy china, silk mittens, and a lace-pin—that will do for papa, or the lamp and a card-case. Now, do you know, I shouldn't have thought of one of these things except the pretty china, and as it's at the bottom almost of the list it means she'd rather have the other things."

"That's the way with grown folks," Tom said. "Let's turn over the china to Aunt Jane. I'll take the pocket-book, I guess."

Nell could find nothing to suit her, but the practical turn of the list was a hint toward something she had thought of—pretty sewing aprons. Nell dearly loved fancy work, and she found next day exactly the pattern she wanted. One was in pongee, embroidered in outline with

"How doth the little busy bee."

The other was large-dotted muslin, and, with the dot as a center, yellow daisies were embroidered on it, as if they had fallen there. It had strings of deep-yellow ribbon, and Nell could not make up her mind which of these two was the sweeter. But when she told Edith she shook her head.

"They're lovely, but the material would be a good deal, and then the work, and then they're too fine to use. Mamma would like plain white ones better."

"She can buy them at the store. There's no pleasure in giving any thing so common."

"Then I wonder if you couldn't make one of black satin and put daisies on it. You see these others wouldn't look so well after they're washed, and who wants to be so careful of an apron!" And on that Nell decided.

When Santa's mail for the children was all in, there was much scheming and planning. Mamma had asked for full lists, and Tom had twenty things on his.

"I never knew there were so many things one could get a boy," cried Edith. "Why this will do for two or three Christmases, mamma. Six books, titles all down—I know he didn't like 'Vanity Fair' last year; set of collar and cuff boxes, bookshelves, dressing-case, pen-wiper, cuff-buttons, slippers, knife—well, there's plenty of choice any way."

Just before Christmas one of the young men in Mr. Grey's Bible-class spoke to Edith of their wish to give him some remembrance.

"We had thought of that engraving from Doré—'Christ before Pilate'—that is, if you thought that would be acceptable."

Edith hesitated; she knew her father did not care for Doré's pictures.

"Or, if there is any thing you could suggest," the young man added. "Really the class had chosen that as semi-religious, and so appropriate."

"Well then, I know, because he said so, that a set of Ruskin would suit him, or a large atlas. I don't mean," she added, alarmed at the sound of her phrase, "that he expected any thing." And then she explained the post.

"Why, that's a good idea," the young man said; and when Christmas came, there were the books—a great surprise and pleasure to Mr. Grey. And when, just before Christmas, Aunt Jane wrote, for once Mrs. Grey could tell her exactly what the girls would like. So Nell had just the book she wanted, and Edith the little writing-case she had longed for.

When Christmas morning came the smiling faces about the table had no disappointment beneath the smiles. And despite the lists, there were surprises, since it had been understood that no one was limited to them. But the lists had shown tastes, and, guided thereby, no one had to complain of unsuitable presents. They were of use afterward, too, some of the things on them making their appearance at birthdays. And when their wedding-day came round Mr. Grey sent home the decorated tea-set which had closed his wife's list, and with that Santa Claus's mail was all distributed.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

A COMMONPLACE life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings,
But sad were the world, and dark our lot,
If flowers failed, and the sun shone not;
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

Traces of Rousseau—His Life—His Character.

Geneva has a goodly custom of commemorating her eminent men by naming her streets after them—not merely a few of the most eminent, as with us and our Washington, Lincoln, etc.—but all who have done any valuable public service, though they may be unknown to the exterior world. Her artists, authors, inventors, etc., as well as her statesmen, are thus honored and their example commended to her youth. I think a majority of her streets bear such names. Paris has copied her example, but on a more systematic scale, for the different classes of French great men are assigned to distinct sections of the city—the artists to one, the authors to another, the actors, musicians, soldiers, statesmen to others. There has been a significant exception in Geneva; down to the present year she has named no street after any of her "great reformers." In the late celebration of the "Jubilee of the Reformation," she gave the name of Calvin to the old street of the "Channoines," on which he lived, and also named another after Farel. I know not the reason of this long neglect, but suppose it to be the reaction which has taken place against some of the Calvinistic teachings.

Rousseau seems to be a favorite with the Genevese. There is a bust of him on their Atheneum, another on their opera-house, still another in their Botanical Garden. They have named an island after him—the finest gem of scenery within the city. It lies in the Rhone just where the river emerges from the lake; is shaded by noble trees, and has a bronze statue of the famous author. He sits, with stylus in hand and books at his feet, in an attitude of profound study. At no great distance is a street bearing his name, with a house in the front of which is inserted a tablet testifying that here Rousseau was born, etc. Its lowest story is used as a café, and its keeper attracts custom by the bust of the author in a niche facing the street.

All this, however, is a curious blunder. Rousseau was not born here, and never lived here. When the French troops occupied the city under Napoleon I., wishing to honor Rousseau as one of their own great writers, they made researches about his ancestry, and, finding that his grandparents lived here, supposed it to be his own home; they put the name on the street and the tablet on the house. But Rousseau was really born in a distant part of the city where his native home still stands, at No. 40 Grande Rue, not far from the city hall.

By "common readers" abroad, Rousseau is usually supposed to have been a Frenchman, though he was thirty years old before he entered France. French being the language of Geneva, he wrote in it; and, in spite of the fallacies and pernicious influence of his chief writings, he belongs to the very first rank of French literature. We cannot wonder, then, that Geneva is proud of him; his reputation flatters her vanity, though her good sense may decline to heed him as an oracle.

He was born here June 28, 1712. His mother is said to have been "a simple, cheerful, and tender woman," the daughter of a Genevan pastor. She died at his birth, and he thus failed of the maternal influences which might have molded him to a nobler character, and his remarkable genius to finer results than his sad history records.

He had a precocious love of books; before he was seven years old he was a voracious novel reader, but at about that age biographical and historical works displaced his romances. He became passionately fond of Plutarch, and the famous "Lives" swayed henceforth his own inward life. Plutarch became his life-long oracle—an author whose charm is irresistible to thoughtful boys, and who has probably more than all other classic writers inspired young hearts with high sentiments, with noble ambition, patriotism, and heroism.

There were some very good traits in the young life of Rousseau, in spite of the perversities of his later years; and, as we prefer to dwell on the good rather than the evil of such men, allow me to tell two little stories which speak well of his childhood. He was in the habit of spending a day each week with an uncle who manufactured printed calicoes.

"I was in the drying-room," he writes, "watching the rollers of the drying-press; I was tempted to lay my fingers on them, and was moving them up and down along the smooth cylinder when a young cousin placed himself in the wheel and gave it a half-quarter turn so adroitly that I had just the ends of my two longest fingers taken, but this was enough to crush the tips and tear the nails. I raised a piercing cry; my cousin rushed to me in consternation, embraced me, and besought me to cease my cries or he would be undone. In the height of my pain I was touched by his. I instantly fell silent; we ran to the pond, where he helped me to stanch the blood with moss. He entreated me with tears not to accuse him. I promised him that I would not, and kept my word so well that twenty years after no one knew the origin of the scar. I was kept in bed more than three weeks, and for more than two months was unable to use my hand." Here was a touch of generosity that ought to have pledged a noble manhood.

The other story is still more touching. He was playing ball with a young comrade. "We began," he says, "to quarrel over the game; we fought, and he dealt me a blow on the bare head that, with a stronger arm, would have dashed my brains out. I fell to the ground, and there never was agitation like that of this poor boy, as he saw the blood in my hair. He thought he had killed me. He threw himself upon me, clasping me eagerly in his arms, while his tears poured down, and he cried aloud. I returned his embrace with all my strength, weeping like him, with a confused emotion which was not without a kind of sweetness. Then he tried to stop the blood, and, seeing that our two handkerchiefs were not enough, he dragged me to his mother's; she kept strength enough to dress the wound. Her tears and those of her son went to my heart, so that I looked upon them for a long while, the one as my mother, and her son as my brother."

What might not such a young soul be matured to by right moral training?

But Rousseau's boyhood was henceforth unfortunate. His father left Geneva, and he was placed in a notary's office, but was soon dismissed as stupid and incapable. He was next apprenticed to a rough and heartless engraver, who became a terror to him. Detained one holiday by his sports in the neighboring fields till the gates of the city were closed, so that he could not re-enter till the next morning, he was so alarmed by his apprehensions of the chastisement awaiting him that he ran away into the adjacent country of Savoy. This was a crisis which affected his whole subsequent life. He was sheltered by a village Catholic priest, and afterward by a Swiss patroness who had deserted both her country and her faith. Under their influence he became a Catholic. He was sent to a training institution for such converts at Turin, and consented to enter the priesthood, but on examination was rejected as hopelessly incompetent and stupid.

He wandered about for some years in a sort of vagabond life, often sleeping in the open air; sometimes employed as a family tutor or servant; but meanwhile, conscious of inward, undeveloped powers, he improved as he could his early studies, adding music and botany, in which he became somewhat eminent, and hence his bust stands to-day on the opera-house and in the Botanical Garden of his native city.

He at last entered France; became secretary of her minister to Venice; spent some years of hard struggle in Paris, earning his living chiefly by copying music; took there an untutored woman for his wife (but without legal forms); put his children in a foundling hospital; wrote his prize essay on the question, "Has the restoration of the sciences contributed to purify or corrupt manners?" His essay on "What is the origin of inequality among men, and is it authorized by natural law?" and his treatise on the "Social Contract"—

works which startled Europe by their eloquence, their paradoxes, and their radical liberalism, and more, perhaps, than any other writings prompted the French Revolution.

The "Social Contract" was the oracle, the bible of that great movement, and has ever since been effectively influencing, for both good and evil, the political and social tendencies of Europe. His best English biographer (John Morley) attributes not only the French but also the American Revolution largely to his writings. Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, and other American leaders probably studied them.

The French Revolution is considered the epoch of modern European history, but the American Revolution preceded it and really initiated it. Morley traces both to the example of the Genevan republic and the pen of her famous son.

Rousseau became the greatest literary power of France, not excepting Voltaire. Some of her highest families patronized and sheltered him. He produced two novels which, though now seldom read, excited all Europe. But his opinions were denounced by the Sorbonne, and the French government proscribed him. Frederick the Great protected him some time at Neufchâtel, but the mob drove him away; he fled into Switzerland, but was expelled and his books were burned by the public executioner, by order of his native city, which now honors him.

After much wandering and suffering he was sheltered by a nobleman on the beautiful little island of Ermenonville in the Seine, near Paris, where he died in 1778.

He was a sentimentalist—the most powerful in French literature; a theorist the most extreme in social and political philosophy. His writings not only inspired the French Revolution, but they formulated more positively than any others the leading ideas of modern democracy, and their sophisms underlie the socialistic radicalism of our times. His style is the most effective in French literature—the model of Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Lamennais, Victor Hugo, etc. His heart was full of humanitarianism; his head full of speculative fallacies; his life full of practical errors. But his genius was indisputable. He was the successful rival of Voltaire, who for some years had been the literary autocrat of Europe.

He opposed Voltaire's attempt to introduce the theater into Geneva, and wrote a powerful essay against its influence on the necessary simplicity and virtues of republics; and thenceforward the two great authors were enemies. He re-adopted Protestantism, and in the "Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith," in his "Emilius," wrote eloquently for theism; for, like Voltaire, he was uncompromisingly opposed to the atheistic philosophy of the age; and the Vicar's Confession presents one of the finest eulogies on the character of Christ and the gospels ever written by an uninspired pen.

It seems, at first view, unaccountable that the sober, staid little republic of Geneva should have produced the most sentimental, most vivid, and most eloquent writer in French literature. But Rousseau himself has given us the secret of the anomaly; he affirms that under their phlegmatic aspect the Genevese conceal profound sensibility and indomitable enthusiasm. They like the compliment, and, after having burned his books, they set up his statue, representing him in the act of writing them.

RARE AUTOGRAPHS.

THE Cist collection of autographs, portraits, and newspaper clippings, the first part of which was recently sold in New York, contained many treasures:

Most of the autographs, with the accompanying portraits and cuttings, have been arranged in groups. The most valuable of these groups for the sale was a complete set of the signatures of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, the price of which was fixed at $2,250. Other American groups represent Generals-in-chief of the United States Army (complete set), the Justices of the United States Supreme Court (complete, with one exception), Speakers of the House of Representatives (complete set), members of the cabinet, British and French officers in the Revolutionary War, and the "Stamp Act" Congress of 1765. American poets are represented by 102 autographs and 83 manuscript poems. Among the latter are Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," Holmes's "Old Ironsides," Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket," and Longfellow's "Children's Hour."

A very valuable and interesting group is "Napoleon and his Marshals," complete. The French Revolution is represented by fifty-three autographs, beginning with those of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; the French republic under Robespierre by seventy-two, and the republic under the Directory by nineteen. There are thirty-nine autographs and documents of the popes of Rome, from Martin V. (in A. D. 1427) to Pius IX. A group of 142 autographs of the members of the British Ministry begins with the Earl of Godolphin in 1706, and includes Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Walpole, Grenville, Chatham, North, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone. There are forty-eight autographs of distinguished English naval officers, comprising Charles Howard (Elizabeth's Lord High Admiral), Blake, Penn, Rooke, Nelson, and Collingwood. The British Army is represented by thirty-nine autographs, among which are those of Prince Rupert, General Monk, Marlborough, Clive, Sir John Moore, and Wellington. A group of "Rulers and Leaders of Great Britain" includes autographs of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Burleigh, Leicester, Essex, James I., II., and III., Charles I. and II., Cromwell, William III. and IV., all the Georges, Victoria, and Prince Albert.

A notable group of forty-eight autographs represents the Reformation in Germany. Nearly all the specimens in this set, beginning with the signature of Martin Luther, are very rare, and the lot is valued at $750. Other interesting groups are the kings and queens of France, the kings and queens of Prussia, German authors, English authors, musical composers, and autograph musical scores. There are also many fine autographs among the many miscellaneous specimens, including those of Henry of Navarre, Richelieu, Maria Theresa, and George Washington.

SIOUX HORSE TRAINERS.

IT is a pity that so many young Americans grow up without experiencing the benefits and pleasures of horsemanship. Whether they would be pleased to acquire the art of riding as the Sioux children do is another matter. A writer in the "American Agriculturist" tells how the young "bucks and squaws" break colts:

The Sioux, like many other Indians on the plains, are bred from infancy to handle horses. When but papooses they hung on the saddle bow, and I have frequently seen them, when not more than five or six years of age, girls as well as boys, riding their ponies like mad at full gallop. The manner of subduing a pony I have often witnessed on the plains, and one who now visits the Sioux Indians in their Dakota reservation may find children similarly employed in breaking colts. The boys and girls together take a young colt when only three or four months old and begin with him. A lariat is tied Indian fashion with a slip noose to the under jaw. A small bundle is then placed upon the colt's back, the children arrange a pair of light trevice poles over the colt's shoulders, letting the ends drag on the ground; then the poles are tied to his back, and attached to a wicker-work platform or basket, and a weight is placed in it. Sometimes in place of a weight three or four dogs are put into the wicker, and very often the children get in it. The colt runs and plunges and kicks in all directions, then lies down and rolls over. Sometimes three or four children will climb upon his back, and by and by such a tumbling scene is witnessed as would make you cry with laughter—the children flying one way and blankets the other.

LEAVING HIS LAST.

THE maxim which warns the shoe-maker to "stick to his last" is a warning to all people who would be versatile, and who are discontented with the tasks which they are best fitted to perform. The editor who endeavored to make his reporters versatile was not encouraged by his experiments:

The "ship news" man, whose regular duty it is to collate the arrivals and clearances of vessels and to chronicle the accidents to shipping and the placing of marine signals, had been sent to write up a piano recital. He gave his trousers a hitch, borrowed the city editor's silk hat, and started. This was his manifest:

There was a piano recital yesterday at the Chickering rooms on Tremont Street. Mr. Charles Fulton sailed the craft. She has black walnut hull, strong bulkheads, is strengthened fore and aft with iron frame and sealed with white wood and maple; rigging, steel wire, double on the ratlines and whipped wire on the lower stays and heavier cordage; belaying pins of steel and well driven home; length of taffrail over all, 6 ft. 8 in.; breadth of beam, 38 in.; depth of hold, 14 in. About eight o'clock Mr. Fulton clewed up the hatches and took the helm. On the first part of the trip he met with light airs from the southward, but later he struck a regular cyclone. He tacked with a good deal of skill, and succeeded in keeping her off the shoals. At this time the craft appeared to shift her cargo and listed badly to starboard; and, though the captain kept the pumps agoing with both feet, it was some time before she righted. She arrived in port in fair condition about 9 o'clock, and the captain's report was satisfactory.

The managing editor suppressed the article, and went back to the old system next day.—*Boston Record.*

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

WE have in mind a pleasant picture of a scene witnessed in Edinburgh a few weeks since. It was on Sabbath morning, about ten o'clock, in the old Tolbooth Parish Church, (Presbyterian). Passing through a long hall, in what we could call the "basement" (really the first story of the church, and above ground), we came to "the last door on the left," as the beadle in the vestibule directed. Waiting for a few minutes, until the prayer was over, we entered and sat down in a pleasant carpeted room thirty by forty feet in size, and with very high ceiling. The railing around the low platform, the chairs with which the room was seated, and the large arm-chair occupied by the leader of the meeting, were of rich wood—the chairs upholstered with leather. On the walls were six very large paintings—life-size portraits, probably of the most ancient, honored, and scholarly pastors of the Tolbooth parish churches. In them nearly three centuries looked down on a company of about ten young men with three or four young ladies, who, Bibles in hand, had met, according to an invariable custom, for a Sabbath morning hour of Bible study.

WE studied the scene with lively interest and with great care. The young men were well-dressed, sensible, honest-looking fellows. They were probably clerks and students—from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age. This Sunday morning "association" was an established institution. The chairman had a printed schedule of subjects for the season. The subject this morning is "The Trial of Jesus." After the opening prayer, at the close of which we entered the room, the leader announced the topic for the day, and the appointed scriptural selection, which selection was read by the whole company in turn, each one taking two verses. One of the young gentlemen was then introduced, who read a twenty or thirty minute paper on the subject. It was well written and well read. We thought that the writer might be a theological student. The most careful attention was given to this thoughtful paper. At the close the leader asked each person present if he had any thing to say on the essay or on the theme. Some said nothing, but three or four of them gave sensible and thoughtful suggestions, adding to the hints of the paper or respectfully calling in question one or two positions taken by its writer. The leader followed with a remark or two; the topic for the next Sunday was given and the "association" closed with prayer, at a few minutes before eleven o'clock—the hour for public service.

THE young men in the Tolbooth Parish Hall that morning were gentlemen. We do not know that they were "noblemen," although we felt that they "were more noble than those in Thessalonica." No blood royal, no blue blood from knights of an earlier century — Norman or Saxon — may now course through their veins. Perhaps they have nothing in their family record worthy of remembrance, back of the old Scotch father and mother who taught them to honor the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and the Scriptures. But we are sure that they are gentlemen. The respectful deportment of every one of them; the careful attention to the essay to the end; the manner in which they listened to the simple criticisms of those who took part—all evinced the high-toned, self-respecting, and courteous qualities which mark the gentleman. We were compelled to institute a comparison between the reverent and polite demeanor of these Bible students and a certain frivolous or indifferent bearing which has often pained us when watching a class of so-called "young gentlemen" in Bible "study." We might have found some specimens of this light-headed and grinning type of "young gentlemen" in Scotland. But we did not. Wherever in this land we have seen young men and women in the church, or "association," or "Bible class," they have been respectful and reverent. And why not? Fun is fun. And fun in its place is proper. But a silly, laughing youth in a Bible class is certainly out of place. Have you ever observed him? A pause, a mispronunciation, a random thought suggested to his feeble brain by something that is read or said, starts the giggle and the nudge of our young simpleton. He has not decency enough to be respectful, nor weight of character enough to make him reverent. We shall never look upon a trifling group in church or Sunday-school without thinking of the Tolbooth Parish Church Association.

"DON'T your young people go to Sunday-school?" we asked of a Scotch Sunday-school worker. "Our young people—yes, of course," he said, "but not our young men and young women." "In America we call children 'children,' and when we say 'young people' we mean young men and women." "In Scotland," he answered, "when we say 'young people' we mean children, and not young men and women." "Then," we continued, "don't young men and women here go to Sunday-school?" "They do not. Sunday-school is for children. Young men and women would not think of going to Sunday-school. We have Bible classes or 'young men's associations' for them." "Is your young men's association like the Y. M. C. A. of America?" Our Scotch friend answered, "We have the Union Y. M. C. A. here as well as in England and America, and in connection with that association Bible classes are held for young men, but our principal churches have their own local 'young men's associations' and 'young women's associations' for Bible study." We were, after this, careful to distinguish between "young people" and "young men and women." In England we find more of the older scholars in Sunday-school, as in America, but even in England the separation theory is growing, and the ideas involved in the "assembly" are more and more accepted. The noble band of young men and young women in the Tolbooth Parish Church formed an "assembly" such as we should be glad to see in every church from Maine to Mexico, and from Alaska to Florida. Such meetings under the control of true men would develop the most needed elements among our American 'young people,' using the term in the American sense. We fear that a great deal of the light-headedness and giggle of the young people in our Sunday-schools is owing to the false policy on which we are working—a policy ignored by all public school and secular educators, and

every-where exposing our youth to temptations from which we might save them by a new and different adjustment.

RUSKIN, in his latest work, "Præterita," recalling his early life and the training he received from his strict, systematic, and intelligent mother, speaks of her care and persistency in teaching him the Scriptures. She read with him the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation, "hard names, Levitical law, and all, and began again at Genesis next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken." In addition to the reading of the chapters there was the daily committing to memory of certain verses, or the repeating "to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known." Ruskin gives a list of the chapters which he was in this way required to commit while a child (a list we shall give our readers, perhaps next week), and adds to the record the following statement, worthy of being pondered by mothers and youth in our times. He says: "And truly, although I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential* part of all my education." "Præterita," chap. ii, p. 58.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for November 14, 1886. PETER RESTORED.—John 21. 4–19.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 21. 15.

PREFATORY. We now find Jesus in the northern part of Palestine, by the Sea of Galilee, where many times before he had met his disciples, and where he had called them at the beginning to his service. Peter, who had gone back to the sea, in prosecution of his old trade, is to be reached again by the same word of command that summoned him at the beginning. And now we find Jesus standing by the shore.

INTERROGATORY. In what part of Palestine is this lesson located? What shore is referred to? How was it that the disciples did not recognize Jesus? What question did he ask? What was their answer? What command did he give? What result? Who first recognized Jesus? What did Peter do when he saw that it was Jesus? Describe the feast. Give the conversation between Jesus and Simon Peter. Give the final counsel of Jesus to Peter.

HOMILY. Of all beautiful and blessed things that followed the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the story of the feast by the sea and the conversation of Jesus with his wandering, wondering disciple, is the most impressive and delightful. Peter might well have felt utterly disheartened. He meant to be brave; he had made large promises. He did try faithfully with his drawn sword to be true to his pledge, but was on a lower plane than that which was necessary for such a disciple of such a Master to occupy. He did not fail in physical courage, but had nevertheless proved himself a coward. He was afraid of the taunts of a little maid of the palace. He was afraid of the sneers of the soldiers and citizens and attendants. He denied his Master. He swore that he had never known him. And when that "look" of Jesus fell upon him that day before the crucifixion "Peter went out and wept bitterly." It is not hard for some of us who have at times been untrue to our best convictions to enter into Peter's feeling of shame and mortification as he spent the days that followed. How is he filled with wonder that the Master should now call him again! This manifestation of love was more mysterious to Peter than the miracle of the drag-net in the Sea of Galilee. Love and mercy are always more wonderful than wisdom and power. And now they stand together, Master and disciple, and Jesus asks three times the question, "Lovest thou me?" Three times did Peter make reply. Three times did Jesus give him commission. What grace in it all! To think that the man who but a short time before had sworn a denial in the face of his persecutors should now be commissioned to feed the lambs and the sheep, and should be appointed a martyr for the cause of Christ, and the provision made for the perpetuation of his name in the Church through all ages!

There are two words in the lesson which are more full of meaning than all the rest put together. How should Peter with his weakness be able to maintain true love for the Master? How should he be able to feed the lambs, and the sheep? How should he be able to meet the fate of a martyr? There is an answer in the last words of the lesson. It is an answer to Peter, and it is an answer to us when Christian duties are laid upon us and when tribulation is appointed. These magic words are, "Follow me." When we follow him we have his power. When we follow him we share his grace. When we follow him we have his company. When we follow him we have him as leader, and reach the goal to which he leads his people.

PRAYER. O Lord, we would follow Thee! Enlighten and allure and lay hold of us, and may we ever trust in Thee, feed Thy lambs, feed Thy sheep, and be ready to suffer for Thy cause. And this grace we ask in Thy name. Amen.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

AT the Colonial Exhibition in London, Canada is represented by a large number of exhibits. The Canadian railways show magnificent views of their cars and locomotives, and publish glowing accounts of luxurious sleepers and hotel coaches. We are glad to see our friends across the border doing so well, but is it unkind to remind them that all these cars were manufactured in the United States, and that we are entitled to just a little credit?

THE English have one thing in common with the savage nations—a fondness for dogs. The Alaska maiden walks along the shore surrounded by howling, jumping curs, and the English girl promenades the avenue or lane with three or four dogs of different kinds. The two groups are alike in nature, but different in breed.

In England one often sees drinking-cups for dogs in stores and hotels. The comfort of these pets is consulted in every way, and they are treated royally. The classes of English society might be named as follows: nobility, full-blooded dogs; gentry, half-breed dogs; lower classes, mongrel curs.

NEAR the Grey Friars Church in Edinburgh stands a drinking fountain surmounted by a bronze figure of a sky terrier. This fountain was erected by the citizens of the neighborhood to a little dog who followed his master's body to the church-yard, and for eight months never left the grave, except when he came out twice a day for the food which the kind people provided. At last the little fellow died, and he was buried near his master. One may learn fidelity even from a dog, and sometimes the words, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" lose their reproach.

IN this same church-yard among other tombs is that of a stone-mason who died in the year 1667. These lines from his epitaph show that even in those times a man was honored for what he was himself, independent of his social position. This was a glimmering of the American idea:

"Rare man he was who could unite in one,
Highest and lowest occupation.
To sit with statesmen, councilor to kings,
To work with tradesmen in mechanic things."

AN English paper says that the Americans have shown their usual sagacity in not putting their money into ships. Great Britain is mistress of the sea, to be sure, but shipping investments are paying almost no dividends, while many of the Atlantic lines are actually losing money. If England has supremacy, Englishmen have to pay for it, and this paper congratulates Americans on having invested their money in paying securities, instead of having thrown it into the sea.

HE is the happy man, whose life even now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness.—*Cowper.*

A CLOCK would be of little value which should only strike "one." There is but little more of value in the spiritual experience and influence of those who make a public profession of Christ, and then cease to grow.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

I AM here because God has sent me to do a work that no other being could do but myself. Had there not been room for me, God had not made me. Had I not been needed in America, God had not placed me in America. Had I not work in the nineteenth century, I had not been born. I am in a place, am sent of God on a mission, and if I perform it, God shall acknowledge that I have done his work.—*Bishop Simpson.*

ASK the man who has the most holiness what he thinks of himself, and he will be the first to lament that he has not yet reached the point which he desires. We are like those old-fashioned wine-glasses which had no foot to them, so that they could not stand upon the table, but must be held in the hand. When Jesus has us in his hand, we can be filled with the water of life; but out of his hand, we cannot hold a drop nor can stand.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

I HAVE been more and more convinced, the more I think of it, that in general pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All the other passions do occasional good; but whenever pride puts in its word every thing goes wrong; and what it might really be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is mortally dangerous to do proudly.—*Ruskin.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

WESLEY—APOSTLESHIP.*

MANY of the foregoing remarks apply to Wesley's personal religious character, and on that subject scarcely an additional word is needed. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and the whole narrative of his life is an illustration of his piety. One observation, however, is worthy of emphatic record: that while few, if any, modern public teachers have treated more of the principles of the spiritual life, or held up a higher standard of them—of Justification, Regeneration, Sanctification, and the evidences and tests which apply to them—few, if any, have been more exempt from the taint of Mysticism. He threw to the winds the mystic doctrines while returning, on the ocean, from Georgia; and it is a noteworthy fact that except the early and comparatively brief period of his spiritual awakening, and of his intercourse with the Moravian brethren, the minute record of his life, presented in his Journals, contains hardly an instance of that introspective and hypochondriacal anxiety which weakens most religious biographies. We meet in this wonderful autobiography with occasional and brief ejaculations of prayer and praise, but with no self-anatomization. It is vigorous with the cheerful moral health of his own mind throughout, however marred by the narration of disease in other minds.

Methodism spread so rapidly, and was so much in contrast with the religious teachings of the times, that it was natural enough it should come in contact with morbid consciences almost every-where; some of the characters prominent in early Methodism were doubtless subjects of mental as well as of moral disease; but Methodism was not responsible for the fact. It found such sufferers scattered throughout its course; if in some instances they sought in it excitement which could only exasperate their malady, it nevertheless, in most instances, brought them relief which they could not find in the heartless religious formalities of the age. And, above all, the practical character of Wesley's own genius was so impressed upon his discipline that religious melancholy was usually sooner or later dispelled by the energetic and beneficent practical habits to which his followers were trained. Without designing it, he established a religious system which, while it could not fail to attract diseased minds, was singularly adapted to cure them, in both its hopeful theology and its active discipline; and its history records not a few affecting cases of chronic mental disease, in which life was rendered not only tolerable, but useful and holy, and death itself joyful, by the moral support of the Gospel as taught in its doctrines and embodied in its regimen.

To our more common human sympathies the character of Wesley presents attractions rarely to be found in the records of the lives of great men. Such records usually ignore the more personal or intimate traits of public characters. It would seem, indeed, to be assumed in them that exhibitions of the common affections of our nature would derogate from their subjects, as reducing them too much to the common level of humanity; whereas it is precisely in these respects that the common mind most readily recognizes them, and the revelations of the heart in the life show the real man more infallibly than the manifestations of mental power. It is doubtless true, also, that public men, absorbed in plans of ambition, or even of usefulness, often lose to some extent those sensibilities that make the whole race akin, and the loss of which can be compensated by no other virtues. Perhaps the truest proof of the highest style of character is presented in the co-existence of an unimpaired heart with the highest development of the mental forces, or the greatest energy of life.

To the mass of mankind, including the best of them, the character of Luther would lose much of its interest and worth, were his passion for music and for nature, his sympathy for his friends, his fondness for his children, and his love of the virtuous and beautiful Catherine von Bora, unrecorded. Not only to the common heart, but to the discernment of the highest minds, the pure and mighty reformer did a scarcely less noble deed in rescuing the nun of Nimptschen, and in restoring her to her appropriate sphere as a woman, by placing her in his home and heart, than he did by wresting from the grasp of the pope the scepter of universal religious domination. Wesley's greatness as a public man is hardly more distinctly recorded than his amiability and tenderness as a private man. We have continually occasion, in reading his four volumes and letters, to admire his personal, apart from his public, character. Where can we find, in the records of historical men, a more genial, unimpaired nature amid the labors and hostilities of a long public career? His friendships were strong, even to an excess of sentiment. His love of nature retained the freshness of youth in the decay of age; it was not so much a sentiment of taste as an instinct of his being, a loving fellowship with the universal nature. His temper, sometimes, yet only momentarily, ruffled, had not merely the serenity of health, but was radiant with religious joyfulness, and playful in extreme age with the blandest humor. While moving the realm by his activity and moral power, he was the welcome guest of humble households, the delight of dinner-tables, the familiar companion of children.

THE unity of Methodism cannot be insured by ecclesiastical authority. This must be thought out by it as it has been in the past by the intelligent loyalty of the highest type of Christian manliness both in the ministry and membership.—*W. R. Clark.*

* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

IN our last lesson on finding the resultant of forces acting on an object in different directions, we confined ourselves to the simplest case, when only two forces are exerted. A glance at Figure 1 will show that any number of forces may be combined into one resultant with comparatively little trouble. More drawing is of course involved, but otherwise there is little difficulty in finding the resultant of three or more forces.

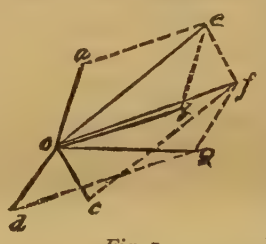


Fig. 1.

Suppose we have four forces, *o a*, *o b*, *o c*, and *o d*, pulling at an object at *o*. First taking *a o* and *o b* we find their resultant *o e*. Now we have only three forces left to deal with, *o e*, *o c*, and *o d*. Finding the resultant of *o e* and *o c*, which is *o f*, we have only two forces left, *o f* and *o d*, whose resultant *o g* is the resultant of all the four original forces, for all of these have combined to make this one.

It is clear that any number of forces might be combined in this same way, but lest our figure look even more like a cobweb than it does at present, we will not represent any more elements.

CAN AN ICE-YACHT SAIL FASTER THAN THE WIND BLOWS?

THIS much-vexed question has caused a great deal of discussion among yachting people, and others have taken an interest in it. As the demonstration of the fact that an ice-yacht can sail faster than the wind blows involves the parallelogram and diagonal, it is not out of place to take it up here, though not strictly an application of any principle we have dealt with.

Those who hear this theory stated for the first time laugh at the idea that a propelling power can go more slowly than the thing propelled. They seem to think that this assertion is like saying that a train can go faster than the locomotive that pulls it. The difference is very great. It is of course impossible that an ice-yacht sailing directly before the wind should "run ahead of the breeze," but when the boat is running on a certain course, she may run a greater distance in a given interval of time than that traversed by the wind. In Figure 2 we have a diagram which represents the state of things described.

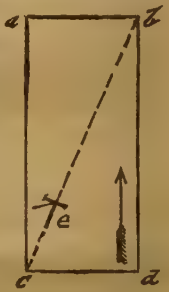


Fig. 2.

c represents the starting-point of the ice-boat. Now the wind is blowing in the direction indicated by the arrow, and were the captain of the yacht to send her directly before the wind, he would reach *a* at the same time with the wind with which he started.

But suppose he takes a diagonal course, letting out his sail so that it will be flat to the wind. The wind blowing at the same rate will reach *a* at the same time that the yacht (*e*) reaches *b*, or the wind will have traversed the distance *a c* while the ice-yacht has made the distance *c b*, a longer course. Therefore in a fair race with the wind the yacht has gone farther in the same time.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

OF course, the whole science of grammar cannot be comprised in twenty lines of verse, but the ten couplets which are here given have started many young learners upon the difficult road which leads to the mastery of language. The lines are worth remembering.

Three little words you often see
Are *articles*, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A *noun's* the *name* of any thing,
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the *kind* of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of *nouns* the *pronouns* stand—
Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.

Verbs tell of something *to be done*—
To *read*, *count*, *laugh*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the *adverbs* tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.

The *preposition stands before*
A noun, as *in* or *through* the door.

The *interjection* shows *surprise*,
As *O!* how pretty, *Ah!* how wise.

The whole are called *nine parts of speech*,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

THE MONARCHS OF ENGLAND.

How many students of English history echo the school-girl's complaint that "She couldn't see the use of naming all the kings alike!" They are hard to remember, but several generations of school children, and some older folks, too, if they would confess it, have used the following rhyme to keep in memory the names and order of the English sovereigns since the Conquest. If you have never learned it, this moment is the very best of all times to do so:

First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two, and three,
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.

Next Jamie, the Scotsman,
And Charles whom they slew.
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles, too;
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne,
And good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria—
May she long be the last!

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Duck on the Rock.

Some of the good old games are in danger of being overlooked simply because the attention of the rising generation is not called to them.

So, at the risk of offering gratuitous information to many, we shall describe briefly the game of "Duck on the rock," in the hope that a few at least may learn the sport for the first time, and that all, whether familiar with it or not, will not neglect it utterly in play hours.

The number of players is not limited. A large stone is set up to serve as a "rock," and about thirty feet from it a line is drawn to mark the goal. Each player provides himself with a good-sized stone, known as a "duck." By one of the many methods of counting out known to all boys, one of the crowd is declared "it," and must place his duck on the rock.

Now, in turn, each of the other players from the goal line tosses his duck at the duck on the rock. The aim of the one who is "it" is to "tag" one of the other players, who, under certain circumstances, becomes "it" in his place. First, he who is "it" must always keep the duck on the rock. When it is knocked off he must immediately replace it. He cannot tag any one while the duck is off the rock. Second, he can tag another player only when that player is out of goal and has touched or picked up his own duck since throwing it from the goal line. It is usual for every player after making a throw to go and stand by his duck, waiting until the duck is knocked off the rock, or for a good chance to pick up and run in.

On a chill November day boys can get a good deal of fun, warmth, and exercise out of this old-fashioned game.

Keep the old sport up, boys. Canoe, bicycle, and tennis-bat must not crowd out quoits, prisoners' base, and duck on the rock.

How to make a Ring-toss Game.

Most of the apparatus for ring-toss which is bought in the stores is easily broken. The wooden hoops bound about the room, mar furniture, and soon come apart.

This game is an excellent one to have about the house to while away an idle hour, or entertain a party of friends. Any boy can make a serviceable set of rings with very little trouble and at a slight expense, if he will follow the example of sailors and make the rings of rope.

A set of rings should consist of at least six, better eight, of the same or different sizes, according to the taste of the maker.

Rings seven inches in diameter are very satisfactory. In order to make these cut a length of new three-quarters-of-an-inch manilla rope into pieces two feet long. These pieces are bent into rings and the ends fastened firmly together. To make these rings perfectly the ends should be spliced. But few boys are salted enough for a feat of that kind, so they must content themselves with untwisting the rope ends and twining them together the best they can. The joint, when firmly bound with "marline" (tarred twine), will be firm enough for all practical purposes. The rings are heavy and keep their shape well.

Sisters may cover the rope with colored flannel, or wind the rings with ribbons if they wish to add to the beauty of their brothers' work. The peg should be a simple tapering upright of wood set in a piece of plank one and one half feet square and two inches thick.

We need hardly describe a game so well known as ring-toss further than to say that the peg is placed in a corner of the room and the players, standing on a certain line at any agreed distance, attempt to throw the rings so that they shall encircle the peg.

Ring-toss parties, with simple prizes for those making the best scores, may be made pleasant entertainments for the winter.

Learning to Ride a Bicycle.

A writer in an English magazine gives the following hints to those who intend to learn bicycle riding:

Nowadays, men order machines and learn upon them, often without the assistance of any one who is proficient in cycling. As a necessary result, they spoil their bicycles altogether. This could be easily avoided by buying a bone-shaker, or by borrowing one. Again, for half a guinea one can learn to ride at a riding school without fear of doing damage. This is the best method to adopt if one lives in or near a town. If I were about to learn to ride, I should resort to a riding-school, or get the loan of a bone-shaker. Where neither of these was available I should ask one or two strong friends to hold me up while I made my preliminary efforts. I should take care that in my first essay I had a wall on one side of me, so that it would be absolutely impossible to fall on one side, and only possible to come down on the other if my assistants played me false. I should ask them to wheel me along for a while, till I got accustomed to the circular motion of the pedals, and learned that when you are falling to the right the wheel must be turned that way, and *vice versa*. And before I mounted the machine at all, I should wheel it about a bit, learn to ride on the step, and generally acquaint myself with its peculiarities and propensities. Many men have taught themselves to ride this way, and have acquired the whole art of cycling without getting one single fall. Many learners are so thoroughly frightened by their friends before ever beginning to learn, that they suffer from lack of confidence, and are afraid of the machine. Others are by nature of a timid and nervous disposition, and somewhat dread a rapid dismount from a fifty-inch wheel.

These riders should, if possible, get some preliminary practice on a tricycle. An hour would be sufficient. Part of the learner's trouble is the difficulty of "keeping one's feet on the pedals."

The feet, accustomed to move backward and forward, will not be coerced into a rotary movement, and leaving the pedals at a critical moment, bring the learner to the ground with a crash, but rarely indeed with serious personal injury.

At riding-schools one is given a machine without either saddle or pedals, and this you have to operate upon between two ropes stretched across the room or hall, some three feet apart and four feet from the ground. All you are able to do is to hop along and get an occasional ride on the step. After this you are put upon a low bicycle and lifted into the saddle, still between the ropes. Then when you have acquired sufficient confidence to ride round the school, you are told to dismount.

It is probable that you have no better notion of dismounting than you have of flying or of Sanskrit. But you have got to dismount somehow; for in spite of your appeals and entreaties to "Come and take me off!' the riding-master looks on and smiles. Then you make up your mind for a supreme effort, and, somehow or other, scramble off and land safely on your feet.

Generally speaking, it is not wise to devote too much time to learning at first. Half an hour in the morning and half an hour in the evening will be sufficient for the first day. In three days the average learner will be able to paddle along a straight road with tolerable security. In a week the art of mounting and dismounting should have been acquired; and within a month the ordinary rider will be proficient.

I know a rider who traveled sixty-nine miles the second day he crossed a bicycle; but he was an exception.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

FASHION NOTES FROM "THE DELINEATOR."

Do not wear—

Soiled gloves, even though the salesmen in the glove-shops say they are allowable.

Either too tight or too loose shoes; the first will ruin your temper, the last the shape of your feet.

An expression of utter indifference to the world, the sunshine, the flowers, the colors, the people, the gowns, and all the *et cætera* that help make up life. Even if you are absolutely outside of it all, by some overwhelming consideration of self, at least do not look so, for it is as unbecoming as it is unwomanly, and as well calculated to bring wrinkles on your face and lines about your eyes as any of the forms of extreme self-consideration.

Antidote for poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications, it is said, will cure the most aggravated cases.

Poison from bees, hornets, spider bites, etc., is instantly arrested by the application of equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda, well rubbed in on the place bitten or stung. The juice of red onion is said to be an antidote for the sting of insects.—*Laws of Life.*

Where one has a felt hat of a becoming shape, but spotted from rain-drops, it may be made good as new by covering the crown with a silk cord netting, in fine meshes; the ends are caught under the band of velvet or plush. No one can ever know it is the self-same hat. Netting the color of the hat, or a decided contrast—all a fancy.—*Home Weekly.*

Beautiful curtains can be made of the best cheese-cloth by stenciling them, or, if economy is not a consideration, a soft nuns' veiling, partly silk, is still better. If the material is wide enough to be in one piece, it is better than to have a seam, but if not make the seam as invisible as possible. In the first place, measure the window, allowing a little fullness, and allow three eighths of a yard extra in the length to turn over for a heading. Next stretch it tightly and smoothly on a table, and fasten with small tacks. Select some simple design that will look well in outline, such as a daisy, or sunflower, or a star. Draw the outline neatly on a piece of card-board, then cut out carefully with a sharp penknife.

Now, there are two ways of managing. One way is to use the *perfectly* cut opening in the card-board that remains after the design is cut out as a stencil, lay it on the cloth, and, with a fine camel's hair or sable brush, paint over the open space with gold paint or the beautiful metallic "luster" paints. Be careful to fill out all the points of the pattern. Repeat the design at intervals till within three eighths of a yard of the top. Turn that piece over, and paint the pattern on the other side. Turn the piece over, and sew brass rings on to hang it on to a brass rod. Finish both top and bottom with gold fringe, and make several rows of feather stitching with gold floss above the fringe.—*Good Housekeeping.*

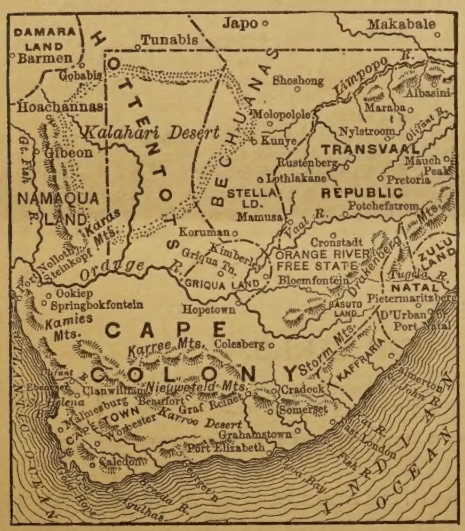
The illustrated pamphlet of designs and directions for crochet work which is published by J. R. Leeson & Co., Boston, Mass., will gladden the hearts of the girls who have a talent for fancy work. Twelve cents will obtain this book of delicate designs and careful explanations.

Make it a point of conscience to get at least seven hours of sleep out of the twenty-four that make up your day and night.—*Marion Harland.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Transvaal Republic.

(Area, 114,360 sq. miles; population, estimated, 750,000; ruler, President, S. J. Paul Krüger.)



THE South African Republic, or the Transvaal, as it is called from its situation beyond (*trans*) the Vaal River, is an inland state of South Africa, bounded north by the Limpopo River, east by the Portuguese possessions, south by the Orange Free State, and west by the country of the Bechuanas. It lies west of the coast range of mountains, and is mainly an elevated rolling country, well-watered and admirably adapted for cattle-raising. The northern section is mountainous. Diamonds were discovered in the Transvaal in 1866, and gold exists in considerable quantities. Coal, iron, lead, silver, and tin have also been found, but are not worked to a great extent. The white population numbers only 50,000, of whom all but 10,000 are of Dutch extraction. Dutch is the official language of the republic, and the laws are founded upon those of ancient Holland.

Most of the Boers are members of the Dutch Reformed Church, and both English and Dutch are taught in the schools.

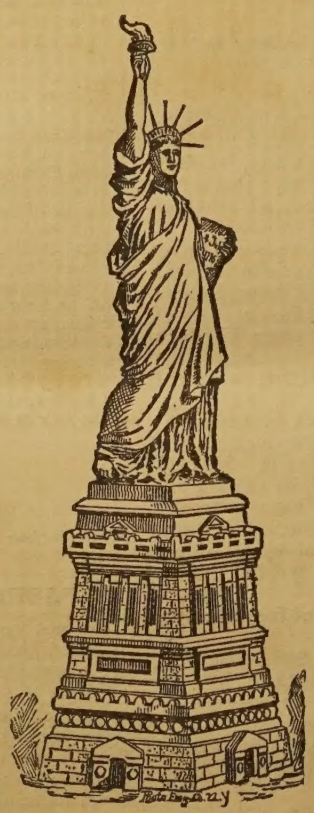
The people are simple in their habits and the standard of education is low. But they are animated by an intense love of freedom. They have twice emigrated from their settlements to avoid coming under the power of Great Britain. And in the recent war the Boer troops stoutly held their own against the best troops and commanders that could be sent against them.

Grazing and agriculture are the leading industries, and wool, hides, grain, ostrich plumes, ivory, and gold are the principal exports. Wheat is the chief crop, and cattle, sheep, and ostriches are commonly reared. The country is connected with the neighboring British colonies by telegraph, and a railroad is projected to the sea-coast at Delagoa Bay.

The Transvaal was settled by those Dutch colonists who were successively driven from Cape Colony and Natal by the advance of the British. In 1852 Great Britain recognized the independence of the country, but in 1877 the British government annexed the Transvaal and appointed a governor and council to conduct its affairs. The Boers took up arms and fought for their independence so manfully that in 1881 the English withdrew their claim to complete possession and left the Dutch free to govern themselves, the queen only retaining the right to direct the foreign affairs of the state.

In 1884 the state assumed the name South African Republic.

Bō'ers. Pōr'tu-guese (-geez).
Del'a-gō'a. Träns-vaäl' (-vähl').



The Bartholdi Statue.

THE statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," the gift of France to the United States, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies October 28. It stands on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, near the New Jersey shore, and about two miles distant from the Battery—the southern extremity of the island upon which New York city is situated. Its size, its beauty, and its commanding position make it a most prominent and attractive feature of the landscape, and New York is justly proud of her acquisition.

The statue was conceived by Bartholdi, a French artist, and was intended to commemorate the early and enduring friendship of France and America. It was paid for by a popular subscription in France, and the expense of building the pedestal was borne by the people of America. The completed statue with its pedestal have cost nearly $700,000, of which the latter consumed $300,000.

The monument is a colossal female figure holding in one arm a tablet and in the other, which is high uplifted, a torch, which is at night illuminated by electricity. Copper is the material used in the construction, the plates being beaten into the proper form and riveted together. The interior framework is of iron and steel, and is calculated to resist the utmost violence of the wind. A spiral staircase, sometime to be supplemented by an elevator, furnishes a means of ascent through the statue and the upraised arm to the balcony which surrounds the torch. Here, from a point 300 feet above the sea-level, the visitor may look out upon a living panorama of busy water-ways, and shores black with the homes and shops of two millions of men. The exact height of the pedestal is 154 feet; of the statue, 151 feet; and from the tip of the flame to low water mark the structure measures 305 feet.

The day appointed for the exercises of unveiling was made unpleasant by a wet fog which enveloped the harbor. But the full programme was carried out. A procession of military and civic organizations 25,000 strong passed through the principal streets of New York from the park to the Battery, and was reviewed by President Cleveland. A procession of steam vessels in the Hudson River escorted the President to the island, where the statue was presented by Ferdinand de Lesseps for France, and W. M. Evarts for the American committee. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew closed the exercises with an eloquent memorial address.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

From The Independent.

The land that, from the rule of kings,
In freeing us, itself made free,
Our Old World Sister, to us brings
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee
Once more a debt of love we owe:
In peace beneath thy Fleur de lis,
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which chaos heard and ceased to be;
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
A lightning flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A Brief Survey.

THE widow of A. T. Stewart, the late merchant prince of New York, died Oct. 24, aged eighty-four. ——The building of the Case School of Science, at Cleveland, was destroyed by fire Oct. 27. Loss, $200,000 ——Reports come from Montana of hostilities between the Crows and Sioux.——An express train on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad was derailed by an open switch near East Rio, Wis., soon after midnight, Oct. 28, and thirteen passengers were burned to death.——At the national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in session at Minneapolis, Miss Frances Willard was re-elected president, and resolutions were passed supporting the Prohibition Party, denouncing the government for tolerating the liquor traffic, protesting against the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper, and demanding more vigorous temperance utterances from the pulpit. The present membership of the Union is 924,890.——The Adams Express messenger on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, Oct. 24, was gagged, pinioned, and tied to his safe by a man who gained the confidence of the messenger by purporting to be an employee of the company, and who robbed the safe of $50,000 and escaped.——The U. S. War Department has decided to admit no more liquors to Alaska except for sacramental purposes.——The recent convention of the Knights of Labor decided to establish a head-quarters of the order in Philadelphia, and recommended the members to support only those political candidates who assented to the principles of the K. of L.

Baron von Beust, formerly Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, is dead at the age of seventy-seven. ——The Czar of Russia is said to have murdered an army officer in a fit of rage. It is rumored that his mind is giving way.——Russian cruisers have been sent to hold Varna, a Bulgarian port on the Black Sea, to protect Russian subjects there. It is thought that this action may hasten an outbreak.——An unsuccessful attempt has been made to poison the President of Guatemala, Central America.——There were 27,000 fatal cases of cholera in Japan in September. The disease is slowly abating its ravages.——The building committee of the Baltic Canal, which is to connect the German Ocean with the Baltic Sea, have decided to employ 15,000 workmen.——The Anglo-Russian commission, which has been staking out the boundary between Afghanistan and the Russian possessions in Central Asia, has completed its labors. ——German beer has been boycotted in Paris.—— The British officials in Burmah say that the subjugation of that country will furnish employment for a large army for four years.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—General Kaulbars is tired of lying on one side, so he is going to Tirnova.—*Boston Record.*

—The Chicago directory shows that Victor Hugo is an engraver, George Washington a hostler, Andrew Jackson a barber, John Brown a policeman, Cæsar a truck driver, and Brutus a laborer.

—Old gentleman—"And how old are you, my little man?"

Little Freddie—"I'm not old at all, sir; I'm nearly new."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Jones's wife has a place for every thing and a good reason for keeping the thing in that particular place. She keeps a vial of quinine pills in the kitchen clock, presumably in order that the standard tonic will prevent the clock from running down.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Double Negative.—Boston barber (to customer)—"Five cents more, please."

Customer—"But I didn't want no bay rum."

Boston barber—"Yes, you said you didn't want no bay rum, and so he gave you some. That's right, sir. Five cents more, please."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"How to Send a Boy to Sea" is the name of a new book. One good way is to work him on the farm from daylight to dark 365 days in the year, and then thrash him with a trunk-strap when he asks for a half-holiday in leap year.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

—A three-pint dog in a five-quart muzzle of heavy wire was laboriously trudging along yesterday morning, just after the rain, when he came to a small excavation. This he mistook for an ordinary Fourth Ward puddle, and walked into it. The heavy muzzle carried his nose to the bottom, and only his tail remained visible. The spectacle of a dog's tail furiously lashing the water attracted the attention of a neighboring apple-woman. After satisfying herself that it was not a sea-serpent, she caught hold of it and set the dog on dry land, with the observation, "If yez had been a bobtailed dog, where would yez be now?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Boarding-house Wit.—Adolphus (takes the last piece)—"This is very good bread, Mrs. Thompson."

Mrs. Thompson, the landlady—"Yes, and I think it is better bred than some of my boarders."—*Boston Beacon.*

—"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when I tell your papa what a naughty boy you've been to-day he will punish you severely."

"Have you got to tell him?" asked Bobby, anxiously.

"O yes; I shall tell him immediately after dinner."

(The look of concern on Bobby's face deepened, until a bright thought struck him.)

"Well, ma," he said, "give him a better dinner than usual. You might do that much for me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant natural history class, after the peculiarities of the crab had been discussed, "is there any other member of the animal kingdom that possesses the power to move rapidly backward?"

"Yes," said one of the most promising of the little scholars, "the mule kin do it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Dumley is not a person in whom one would naturally expect to find a responsive throb of sympathy; but Mrs. Hendricks, his landlady, didn't know this. Last Sunday evening they were sitting in the parlor together when Mrs. Hendricks sighed, and said,

"Ah, Mr. Dumley, this is a cold, cold world! I wouldn't say it to any of the other boarders, but you have been with me so long. I am a deceived woman, Mr. Dumley, a deceived woman."

"Yes?" asked Dumley.

"Ah, yes; I've been deceived in my life-time—terribly deceived."

"If you refer to that last lot of butter, Mrs. Hendricks," said Dumley, gently, "I don't wonder that you feel so badly about it."—*Ex.*

—Philadelphia is the only city in the country where the street-car fare is six cents, where New York papers are sold for seven cents apiece, and where the barbers charge twenty cents for shaving a stranger. It is the only city, too, where Twelfth (as the name of a street) is spelled T-w-e-l-f-v-t-h on the lamp-posts. It is the only city, too, where people scrub their front steps every morning in the dead of winter, and then sprinkle ashes on the steps to keep folks from slipping down. It is the only city, too, where editors of morning papers go home from work at 4:30 P. M. every day.—*Chicago Morning News.*

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